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S. T. K. THE
HISTORY
OF THE ~~635. a. 1.~~
LOVES
OF
LYSANDER
AND
SABINA;

. A NOVEL.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be sold by J. Taylor,
at the Ship in S. Paul's Church-Yard, 1688.

HISTORY

OF THE

LOVES

OF

LYSANDER

AND

SABINA

A NOVEL

LONDON

Printed, and to be sold by J. T. Smith,
at the shop in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1722.

To the Deserving and
Ingenious *William*
Forrester of *Dottel*
Esq;

SIR,

M*r* *Lisander* that never
us'd to beg any bodies
Protection but that of
the Ladies, now casts himself
at your feet, and humbly sues
for yours. If his English be
none of the finest-spun, I desire
you would remember he has
been a Souldier and a Tra-
veller: and if the mistakes in
A 2 his

The Epistle Dedicatory.

his Conduct cannot now and then escape without observation, I would have other men learn Wisdom at his expence, and make use of those Rocks whereon he split, for Sea-marks. I never design'd to draw his Character so great, that like Pantagruel's Doublet it should fit no body else; it is far short of that which our men of Wit are us'd to give their brain-born Hero's, and therefore he thought it dangerous to Address himself to any but a very Candid Mæcenas. Such, I am very well assur'd, you are, and for fear of being mistaken, I have all the Kingdom on my side.

But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But your early Honours both Civil and Military have sav'd me the labour of a Panegyrick, (the ordinary entertainment of Dedications) and only left me room to say, 'tis pity your Vertue is so singular, and that your merit has no more Emulators.

that ever I made: and it may be the first that ever you receiv'd; and if you chance to meet with any thing in these Maiden sheets that shall please, I shall think my pen has lost her Virginity with honour, and begin to arrogate to my self the Mighty Title of an Author,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*only for having the honour of
so great a Patron.*

*All that remains now Sir, is
to beg your Pardon, for ven-
tring to prefix your name to such
a Trifle without your least
knowledg or Consent: All the
excuse I can make is this, I
did it without making you
acquainted, that you might
bear it condemn'd without
blushing, and never think your
self in the least concern'd to
defend the Errours of*

Your humble Servant

T. S.

Lifan-

LISANDER,
Or the
SOULDIER
OF
FORTUNE.



Hey that have taken
pains to digest Moral
Philosophy into a Bo-
dy, or System of Pre-
cepts, have always
assign'd Virtue the middle place
between two Extremes. And yet
methinks, a very little Logick,
more than what we suck from our
Nurses, might shew a man of Sense
such knots, and difficulties in the
A 4 assertion,

assertion, as *Aristotle* himself (were he alive again) might find enough to do to resolve. For Example, Covetousness, and Prodigality are the Extremes of Liberality: and so are Cowardize and Fool-hardiness of Fortitude: and yet we must confess, that both these Excesses are the more easily corrected, and so nearer to the Mean than either of the contrary defects: Otherwise the terms of Magnificent, and Heroick (which in all Ages have met with such a profound respect) could never be either necessary, or suitable to the Character of a Great man. Were it not to give my Reader occasion of suspecting my own inclinations, I might say as much of the excess of Love, which though it have driven many out of the beaten paths, and methods which the severer precepts of our Grand-fathers have design'd, yet can the most of those Truants say, and the World will subscribe to them

them besides, that they have commonly been persons of the finest Spirits, and the greatest Souls, and have done such things, as may justly challenge an honourable remembrance, as long as brave Actions have any Golden Legends, and which (it may be) they had never so much as enterpriz'd, under any other Conduct, but that of the Blind God.

I do not offer you this Preface, as an entire and absolute Vindication of all those extravagances, which the Gentleman, that furnishes the subject of this Story, may perhaps have been guilty of, but only to mitigate the severity of your censures, and to allay the rigour of your Justice, with a little generous tenderness, and compassion. I will urge this Address on his behalf with no other Argument, but that common Principle of Self-interest, which every one finds so deep engraven in his own breast.

For how can any man think, if by chance he should be overtaken with the like surprize, to obtain that pity, and connivance himself, which he has discourteously deni'd to others: And if he shall tell me, he is in no danger, and that he is out of shot of those childish Arms, I dare say he does not consider in the mean while, what an unto-ward imputation he lays upon his good nature, or what an unmanly violence he does his Reason, while all the world must needs censure him for a desperate Opiniator, that will not believe his House is as combustible as his Neighbours, till he see it on fire about his ears.

To keep you no longer in suspense, It shall suffice me to tell you, that our Adventurer (whom in this Relation we shall call *Lisander*) was a Gentleman of our own Countrey, of an Ancient, and honourable Family, and it may be the first
of

of his House, that for four Generations had cross'd the Seas without the leave of his Friends, and a competent Subsistence. The occasion of this bold Design has been something uncertainly reported, but they that were of his Secrets, (and he himself since) tell us, that meeting with some opposition in his Amours, which neither pleas'd his nor the Ladies Friends, after a tedious resistance of the two contrary Passions of Love and Anger, (between which his Soul was distracted, and torn in pieces) he found himself unequal to the burden, and therefore resolv'd to try, if crossing the Seas, he could leave his Cares on this side the water. His heart was too great to think of any other Employment, than the Sword; and so the War betwixt the House of *Austria* and *France*, gave him a fair opportunity. *Lisander* had I know not what natural Aversion to
the

the *French* Nation, notwithstanding that Fortune and Victory at that time seem'd to have undertaken the Conduct of their Arms; and therefore resolves to serve the *Spaniard*. The apprehensions of hard Duty, and bad Pay, and all those Difficulties, which one that has serv'd there knows but too well, and a man in his Circumstances might very reasonably expect, had been enough to have deterr'd any body, but *Lisander*, from the enterprize: and yet the heat of his Youth, and the Greatness of his Mind, with the desire he had of scowring those honourable Arms, which one of his Ancestours had purchas'd against the *French* at the famous Battel of *Agincourt*, easily contemn'd, and surmounted these disadvantages.

Thus he, and the Lady of his Vows, whose name was *Sabina*, (after a thousand Prayers, and Arguments

guments to divert him from this rough, design lost, and thrown away) took leave one of another. They parted with the same painful Sighs, and troubled Silence, that Souls leave their Bodies in the Agony of their dissolution. Something they would both of them have said, but such was their surprising grief, that their Passion found no vent. Tears, and Embraces were the last, and only Rhetorical Expressions of their cross Love.

Lisander when he divided himself, and went one half for the *Spanish Netherlands*, was about Twenty years old.

His complexion was not quite so clear as that of a womans, but the Features, and Lineaments of his face were pleasing, and Majestick to Admiration. Nature was so kind to him, that he neither wanted, nor wore a *Periwig*, for (as if she
had

had fore-seen his Military design)
 She had given him a lovely head of
 brown Hair, curl'd all in such
 rings, as the Ladies of the last Ge-
 neration call'd Heart-breakers. He
 was something taller than the ordi-
 nary sort of men, and so delicately
 well limb'd, and shap'd to his
 height, that you would have
 thought Nature had intended him
 only for a Pattern. His very Meen,
 and Presence had always something
 in them of Noble, and if ever he
 had deni'd his blood, would have
 been sure to have given him the lie.
 But (which made every body won-
 der) he had a particular way of
 wearing his Clothes, though nei-
 ther he, nor any body else knew
 where the secret lay; for whatever
 Suit he had on, became him a
 great deal better than richer
 Clothes did another man. He had
 already pass'd five years in one of
 the Inns of Court, where you may
 be

be sure he had learn'd to know which Pocket his money was in, and how many two and two are, without a Conjuror. His Natural Abilities (without which 'tis impossible to be excellent in any thing) were such, as drew every bodies eyes upon him, whatever he did or said. He was of a strong, and piercing Judgment, a ready Wit, a most undaunted Constancy and Resolution, an indefatigable Diligence, and of a wonderful quick Dispatch. In a word, take him altogether, he was a man of a most becoming and Gentile Address, and all his Actions were accompanied with a certain fatal agreeableness, for which we have no name. Only his Disposition was a little too susceptible of that sweet Poyson, that gentle Torment, that desirable Evil, and almost inseparable Plague of a great Mind, Love, which would now and then be a little too
busie

busie in his Management, often stealing some Minutes from a serious hour, and spoiling a good nights rest after a hard days labour.

Heaven, and the Sea were loath to crush so brave a Spirit in the setting forth, and so he arriv'd at *Dunkirk* (once an *English* Garrison) in one Afternoon, where the next Morning he took leave of the Master of the Vessel, and with his Horse, and a hundred Broad-pieces, which was all his Stock, set forward towards *Brussels*, (where the General of the *Spanish* Forces was at that time) to lay the foundation of his Fortune of War.

His arrival at the out-guards before the Gates of the City, did him the Office of a Court Address, and without any of those preliminary Solemnities, which are ordinarily made use of to introduce men into the presence of a Prince, the custom of bringing Strangers to be examin'd

examin'd whence they come, and
 what their business is, was his safe
 Conduct to the General. It hap-
 pen'd, that the King of *England's*
 Resident at the Court was at that
 time attending the General about
 some business of his Masters, and
 so very opportunely serv'd for In-
 terpreter between the General and
Lisander. It is strange to observe
 what a gentle influence Beauty has
 upon all mens affections, and how
 insensibly it makes it self enter
 our wills, for no sooner had *Lisan-
 der* told him his inclinations, but
 the General was over-joy'd to see
 a Gentleman of his Breeding, and
 appearance come to offer his Ser-
 vice in the War. And being well
 assur'd of his Parts and understand-
 ing, by the pertinence and good
 manage of his Address, receiv'd him
 with greater Demonstrations of
 Courtesie, and more Affability than
 the manner of that grave Nation,
 and

and the height of their Spirits does ordinarily vouchsafe. And as he was about to Consult with the Resident, which way, or what Method he should use to serve this Young Gentleman in his pretensions, (seeing he had never born Arms) A *Spanish Maestro di Campo*, or Colonel of the Army, that was just come from *Gant*, where his Regiment lay, and had heard all the Discourse, told his Excellence (not without some Passion) that there was an *Alfier*, or Ensigns Commission in his Regiment to dispose of, and if the Gentleman (in regard it was a proper and an honourable Office for a person of Quality to learn the Trade of War in) pleas'd to accept it, and his Excellence would give leave, he would think himself extremely honour'd, and promis'd that he would take a most particular Charge of him, as if he were his own Son ;
such

such a mighty impressi^on and prevalence had the very Presence, and Address of *Lisander*.

The motion was very acceptable on all sides, only the General told *Lisander*, he was almost ashamed to make him so little an offer, but if he pleas'd to content himself till he was acquainted with the *Spanish* Tongue, and the Discipline of War, he doubted not but to find means to do something for him which might deserve his acceptance. *Lisander* made him a handsome and grave return of his Compliment, and told him that he was too sensible of his own want of merit, not to understand the honour he was pleas'd to do him, and that he would study to avoid the imputation of an ingrate, more than he would the preservation of his Life. That very night he accompanied his Colonel towards *Gant*, who was almost extasied with his
good

good Fortune, and verily believ'd his good Angel had taken care to Conduct him into the Generals presence in that lucky Conjunction.

Four whole years did *Lisander* serve in that Regiment, in which time (young as he was) he made a shift (almost without æmulation) to run through all the Charges, and Offices from an Ensign, to a Lieutenant Colonel. And acquitted himself in them all with so much Integrity, Conduct, and Gallantry, that the whole Army was full of his name, and nothing troubled them so much, as that our Hero had not been born a *Spaniard*.

When they lay in Winter-quarters, *Lisander* (who as I told you was Amorous enough, and the fittest man alive to be so) to divert the trouble which he conceiv'd for the absence of his dear Mistress, did ordinarily pass a good part of his spare hours with the Ladies of the
best

best Character, and Quality in the Town, and was every where so welcome, and his Company so much desir'd, that oftentimes it bred such little heats, and Animosities amongst them, as without doubt had been more publick, and made more noise in the world, but for fear of doing violence to their Modesty. And by this means he never wanted the choifest Laces and Linnen which the Country (famous for those Commodities) could afford, or any thing else (in reason) which the Ladies had to dispose of.

And when Summer came, that the Army was to March into the Field, it would ee'n have griev'd any bodies heart to see with what a Catholick sorrow (as if the Sun had gone the wrong way) they receiv'd the killing news of his departure. And which yet extremely aggravated the disaster, their Discretion durst not complain, or showe
their

their grievance in Publick, though among Confidents, and in several little Cabals, his name was the ordinary Entertainment, both of Song, and Drink, and Company.

And as often as any fair opportunity, and safe conveyance offer'd it self, it was ten to one he had some of their *Billets douces* and sure 'tis more than pity they are so many of them lost. I will only give you one in passing sent him by a *German Lady* (as you will see) upon some March or other, which I have accidentally recover'd out of the merciless jaws of time, as well to testifie my obligations to, as assert the honour of the Nation, and to convince you they were only *French* men that made *Parler comme un Aleman* to signifie, to speak like a Fool. The lines are in effect these.

Since

*S*ince Fate Commands and we must part,
 Farewel thou Conquerour of my heart,
 Farewel the Kindest English-man
 That ever cros't the Ocean;
 Farewel that Face, that hath betray'd
 The Honour of a German Maid;
 Yet wer't to do again, I know
 I had no power to say thee no.

I tremble still at those Alarms
 That shook my Lover from my Arms,
 A Maidens Curses be his doom
 That first invented Fife and Drum,
 Curs'd be his Name, who ere begun
 This Quarrelling with Pike and Gun;
 Methinks a Tryal at the Bar
 Were easier than this Trade of War.

Cruel Bellona, now I gues
 Thou envied'st my happyness;
 The Gentle Youth thy Breast did move,
 And thou wast fall'n thy Self in Love:
 O use him well, and with thy Shield
 Protect his Person in the Field,
 For know dear Goddess if he fall
 The self-same Wound kills me and all.

What pity 'twere that Crimson juice
 Should only Plants and Flow'rs produce,
 Whose

Whose every drop might get a Line
Of Nobler worthies than the Nine,
How full of fear is Love! and yet
If Beauty, Honour, Valour, Wit,
Can save a man from Destiny,
And brave the Fates, I'm sure 'tis he.

Then let your Death-charg'd Engines fly,
Let Ball, and Thunder fill the sky
Let Rivers swell with showres of blood,
The Earth grow drunk with th' purple
The God of War shall Guard his Son, (flood,
Till these unfriendly days are done,
And then we'll Sacrifice one Kist
To Venus Health, and one to His.

Till then may Victory and Fate
Conspire to make you Fortunate,
And may bright Honour ever rest
As in her Center on your Crest,
Nor shall a brazen Statue be
Enough to tell Posterity
Your Worth: a softer way shall raise
A living Image to your praise.

After
The end of the world
The end of the world
The end of the world

2

(like a man that wanted Lodging) from one house to another, as long as people were up, and then from one Guard to another, till day appear'd, which drove him to his Quarters, lest the world should have taken notice of his disorder. He us'd all the means he thought safe, or proper, to inform himself who this Beauty might be, but all prov'd ineffectual. And now he began to repent he had not exchang'd his Office, with the *Spanish* Lieutenant Colonel, that so he might have had time to find his new Mistress, and with his own diligence make himself amends for the rigour of his hard Fate. Restless, and full of thought as he was, he rose from his bed before he had well warm'd it, chang'd his Clothes, and (under colour of taking leave) visited most of the Ladies in the Town, to see if he might find her in any of their Companies.

C

But

But he bestow'd all his labour in vain, and only wearied himself against his March, which was to begin the same Afternoon. About two of the Clock the Drums beat, and the Regiment drew up in the Market-place. At length came the Lieutenant-Colonel attended with the Magistrates, and Gentry of the Town, to take a solemn leave. His trouble was such that it might easily be read in his very looks. And every body knowing he was a man of such Spirit, and Resolution, could not but wonder, that so small a matter, as changing the Countrey (which was his own Election besides) should affect him so much, without ever hitting, or so much as suspecting the true cause of his Discomposure. Sorry they were (though they lov'd no Soldiers) to part with *Lisander*, his temper had so little in it of the *Spanish* Insolence (though he had
serv'd

serv'd long enough among them to have learn'd it,) and therefore to testifie their respects they waited on him about a League out of Town, and then with a whole Volly of warm Prayers committed him to the Conduct, and favour of his good Fortune. He was glad they were gone. For, though their company would otherwise have been most grateful, and pleasing, yet as his heart beat at that time, the compliment was unnecessary, and the honour was troublesome. Solitude had been a fitter Companion, and the shade of some ancient Wood or the bank of some considering Stream would better have suited the violence of his Grief, than a matter of Twenty starch'd *Aldermen* with *Spanish*-leather Boots, and *Holland*-boot-hose-tops, with every one a mouthful of Wind, and an old Beaver full of Smoak. In vain did his Officers strive to shorten the

day with a Bottle, or a Song, or a Story, or any new Amours they met with in the March. He was never so much at his ease, as when he was alone, and could complain without being over-heard. Many a time when he was a convenient space either before, or behind the Regiment, he would begin thus with himself. The Gods have seen, and reveng'd thy wrongs, and my Cruelty (My dear *Sabina*, the first, and only constant Mistress of my Vows, and Wishes,) making all those Wounds, which were given me by thy first Beauty, pain me, and bleed again by the guilty touch of this last. With what assurance, what *Rhetorick*, or excuses can I ever think of returning to thee, after the Errors, and voluntary Absence of four whole years?

And, as if I had yet a mind in some measure to proportion the distance

distance of place, to the length of time, I am now running two Kingdoms further from thee. Forgive me dear *Sabina*, this acknowledgment is but counterfeit, and I do but flatter both thee, and my self with a repentance which in spite of my resolution is but false and superficial. My Vows, my Vertue, my Faith, my Constancy, have all forsaken me. And (though Fate in pity to thee have remov'd the Object) yet have I no truce with my Passion. The Beauty of her Person, the Sharpness of her Wit, her becoming her Address, like so many Familiar Spirits have taken possession of my breast, and haunt my imagination day and night. But above all her Courtesie which (it one might interpet ambiguities to advantage) I should call Love, has pierc'd my very Soul, and has in it, such Charms as sure a colder constitution, and a severer vertue,

C 3

than

than that of mine could never have been able to resist. Once indeed I thought I dream'd, I talk'd of nothing but *Sabina*; and vainly resolv'd in spite of all the little stops, and lets I might meet with in the way, to carry the respect I had for her, pure, and undivided to my Grave.

But length of time (I see) and absence (which is my own sin) has almost obliterated those old Idea's. 'Tis this Stranger, this new Face, (which I, alas! must never, never see again) which has given me my mortal Wound. And yet I am resolv'd, that as soon as I have deliver'd the Regiment at *Barcellona*, and obtain'd my Discharge, I will, I must return to *Flanders* in quest of that Face, whose Smiles, and Frowns determine the issues of my life and death.

These,

These and such like were the pastimes of his Solitude. For as all other Melancholy in its deepest, and most retired speculations is not without some mixture of pleasure, and satisfaction; so especially in Love, the contemplation, and remembrance of a Beauty we have lov'd, (though unsuccessfully) fills, and extends the heart with warm blood, and fresh spirits even in Despair it self. And this was the only consolation, which never quitted the perplexed *Lisander* in all his march to *Barcellona*.

The Colonel and *Clarinda* made several little stops in their Journey through *France*, but the Love-sick Lady found nothing there, that pleas'd her. Now and then she met with some Amorous Addresses, and those from Persons very considerable too, but they only serv'd to fan, and blow the Fire which

Lisander had kindled in her bosom, and which had now seiz'd upon her very bones, and marrow. Every new City furnish'd her with new Admirers, but their Applications always recoyl'd into their own bosoms, and did them most mischief at the rebound. *Clarinda* stood like a Rock in vain importun'd by the Waves, all the effect their fine speeches had with her, was only to teach her how to set a just value upon her self. Seven days after the Colonels arrival at *Barcellona*, came *Lisander* with the weary Regiment.

He was welcom to the Colonel as an Angel, and he deserv'd to be so indeed, not only for his former good Service, but for his ready compliance with him to leave *Flanders*, and the great discretion and diligence he had us'd in the March. The day that the Regiment arriv'd,
the

the Lieutenant-Colonel, and some other of the Officers, din'd with the Colonel, when after Dinner drinking a Glass of Wine (rather like Souldiers than *Spaniards*) *Lisander* (as if his good Angel had whisper'd him something in his Ear) was observ'd to be gayer, and liker himself than he had been all the March. *Clarinda*, according to the Ceremony of *Spain*, was not seen among the Gentlemen at Dinner, but eat in her own Chamber, where the Servants were so lavish in representing *Lisanders* Accomplishments, that the talk cast her into a deep fit of Melancholy, with bringing to her mind the Image of that man whom she could never forget. When the Company parted *Lisander* was invited to lodge there till he was provided of convenient Quarters; and you may easily believe that when he accept-

ed the motion, *Venus* and her Son
smil'd at the Omen.

Lisander had heard of *Clarinda*
in *Flanders*, and understood that
she was now at home with her Fa-
ther, but little did he think, that
she was the Lady, that had cost
him all the quiet, and content he
had in the World, for these last two
months. However to do his breed-
ing right, he resolv'd to Court the
first opportunity, to bear up to
her, and make her a Reverence.
The next morning at a good hour
(as if the Destinies had now re-
pent'd of their anger, and were re-
solv'd to make our Lovers satisfa-
ction for their past sufferings) *Clari-
rinda* went to walk in the Garden,
where *Lisander*, as he was dressing
himself in his Chamber, was quick-
ly aware of her. At another time
he had needed no other admonisher
to

to dispatch, and make himself ready for the encounter, than the warmth of his own temper, and inclination, though now, the last impression his heart had receiv'd, made him use the occasion with a great deal of indifference. As soon as ever *Lisander* enter'd the Garden, (says the Governante, who was waiting on *Clarinda*) Here's the Lieutenant-Colonel, (for she had seen him, and describ'd him to the young Lady (as I was saying) the day before,) and as modesty and good manners oblig'd them, they walk'd softly into a by-Walk, as it had been on purpose to avoid him, for it was early, and the Lady was in her morning Dress. *Lisander* thought it no point of his civility to go directly the next way up to them, (as if he had had no other design in the Garden) but intended to drop on them, as it were by chance, and so he began
to

to round them, as one would do a Covy of Partridge. He was just come so near, that *Clarinda* knew him to be the same Gentleman, she had seen at the Play at *Brussels*, though, by the favour of her morning Dress, he knew not her. And just as he pull'd off his Hat, and said, *Good morrow fair Ladies*, the Colonel who had been taking the Fresco, steps forth of an Arbour at the end of the Walk, and saluted him, they two fell immediately into Discourse, which gave *Clarinda* a fair occasion to march off, without making him any answer, but a Curtesie. She was certainly much beholding to her morning Cloths, and more to the seasonable interruption of her Father, for the prevention of that surprize and disorder which must needs have attended the discovery on both sides, and infallibly have given the Governante (who was well acquainted with

with the vanities of this wicked World) just occasion to suspect, even more than the very truth. As they walk'd off, the Governante ask'd *Clarinda*, What think you now of my judgment ? Is it not as I told you ? Is not the Lieutenant-Colonel a very fine man ? Has he not a brave Port ? And twenty other little Questions of the same sort, to which when she observ'd *Clarinda* made no answer, and seem'd not to mind her : She went on laughing, I warrant your heart has taken wing already, and you are in love with him at first sight. Truly (says *Clarinda*) if one may be forgiven for falling in love with any man at first sight, this is he ; for I think him the handsomest, and goodliest person of a man, that ever I saw in my life. You have reason, (says the Governante) and I must confess, that such sights to a young Lady in a morning next
her

her heart, are oftentimes of very dangerous consequence. What dangerous consequence do you mean (says *Clarinda*) ? As long as Ladies confine themselves within the Laws, and Obligations of their Sex, what danger can there be in an Honourable Love ? The Governante presently fancy'd (and well she might) that *Lisander's* presence had a little mov'd the young Lady, but she never so much as dream'd of any former Acquaintance. For though she had been with her in *Flanders*, yet the night, that the young Lovers encounter'd one another at the Play, she was not with them, for she was busie putting things in readiness for the Journey. Though since their Arrival at *Barcelona*, (being well assur'd of the Governant's discretion, and finding some kind of ease in the bare Relation of her Love) *Clarinda* had told her the whole Story. When
they

they were come into her Chamber, she bad the Governant shut the Door, and calling her to her, to the Bed side, with her face, as full of passion, and transport as her heart could hold, Dear *Leonora*, (says she) This is the Gentleman. And with that, a sudden shower of Tears, and an impetuous Storm of Sighs made her senses retire for shelter, and threw her tender *Body* pale, and breathless on the Bed, where there was neither help, nor company (the more the pity) but the frightened *Leonora*. She ran presently, and call'd two or three of the Maids, and by that time *Clarinda* was come to her self again. This was rather the transport, and excess of joy, than any thing else, for now the day began to break up, and she began to conceive fair hopes of that love which the Stars seem'd to favour, as if they had mov'd by her direction. And therefore, as
soon

soon as she had taken a little Cordial Water, and the Maids were sent away, she began, and told her discreet Confident the *Brussels* Story (with all the circumstances she thought necessary to the management of the present business) over again. And now the matter is brought upon the Carpet, and a Consult is held, what is to be done, or what Measures are to be taken in their Proceedings.

The first thing they agreed on, was to pass an irrevocable sentence against rashness, and precipitancy in the case: And so they resolv'd, because (now there were no other Strangers, besides the Lieutenant-Colonel, who lodg'd there) she would be expected at Dinner, her indisposition should excuse her for that day. This was done on purpose that *Lisander* should not see her at unawares, but that they
might

might have time enough to consider, what methods they should make use of for an Interview, lest the surprize might give the World some untoward apprehensions. All that day was wasted in uncertain Counsels, and nothing particular was determin'd, but that *Clarinda* should make use of the first proper opportunity to make her self known to him, and (since she was now in *Spain*, and thought she had him fast enough) it was resolv'd, she should treat him with more modesty, and greater reservation, than the first Encounter had promis'd, which (that she might stand fair in his opinion) was to be pretended only jest, and railery.

The Colonel, and *Lisander* in the Garden, discours'd the whole story of the March, wherein *Lisander* was observ'd to deliver himself

self all along with so much coldness, and indifference, that being modestly urg'd, he told the Colonel plainly, that he repented the Expedition, and had a design to pretend his *Ben' Servito*, or Discharge of his Majesty, and so return.

The Colonel (as much as he could without entering into his secrets) endeavour'd to dissuade him, striving to possess him with good thoughts of the Country, and laying before him the fair prospect he had of raising his Fortunes in *Spain*, whereas the *Netherlands* wanted that choice, and variety of great Employments either in Peace, or War. In short the Colonel laid before him so many reasons of weight, interwoven with such tokens of his good will, and so much passion for his conversation, that, before they parted, *Lisander* (tho
he

he was well enough resolv'd within himself) in complaisance to the Colonel (because he saw what trouble it gave him) was fain to tell him, he would consider of it. The Colonel had more than a hundred times in *Flanders*, and on his Journey too, thought of a Match betwixt the Lieutenant-Colonel, and his Daughter : And to say the truth, almost as oft as he look'd upon her in the Coach, within himself, he could ee'n have wish'd her fairly in *Lisander's* Arms. And now finding his inclination to return for *Flanders*, (though he thought it inconsistent with his gravity to be seen in it) yet he resolv'd to shew him the fair *Clarinda* at the best advantage, and try whether flesh and blood (which were as warm in *Lisander*, as in another) could resist the powerful charms of her Youth, and Beauty.

The

The next morning going to see his Daughter at her Chamber, and finding her pretty cheerful and hearty, he bid her dress her self that day, and come to Dinner. She did so, and about an hour before Noon, either to get her an appetite, or to give *Lisander* time and place to accost her before Dinner, she walk'd out into the Garden. As if every thing had conspired to further her design, it happen'd to be Post-day, and so the Colonel having some Dispatches to make, kept his Closet the most part of the forenoon. *Lisander* having the opportunity in his hands, went to congratulate the young Ladies Recovery, and give her the rest of that Address, which the Colonel had interrupted in the beginning. As he came up to her, *Clarinda* (who was alone) was stooping down, and either gathering, or pretended to be gathering Flowers, with

with her back towards him. Madam (says *Lisander* when he was come within four or five paces of her) I am glad to——whereupon *Clarinda* turning her head about, and looking on him, he could go no farther, but stood like one of the Statues in the Garden, that had step'd from the Pedestal. He knew her (such an impression her face had made in his soul) as well as if he had never left her company, since the first time he had seen her, and was so thunder-struck with the surprize, that except she had pittied his disorder, and ask'd him how he did, he had certainly remained longer in the Exstasie. As soon as he came a little to himself, he offer'd to kiss her hand, but she, who had already resolv'd to make him believe, she did but railly him at the Play, drew back, and deni'd it, telling him with a smile, that the customs of *Spain* and *Flanders* were

were different. Though the Countreys be different, (Madam says he) I hope your goodness is still the same, and that your Ladiship cannot differ from your self. No otherwise Sir (says she) than what jest, and earnest make the same Person differ. I remember I saw you at a Play at *Brussels*, and had a mind to make my self merry with you, but, if that liberty of jest shall any ways influence your Addresses here in *Spain*, you must not take it ill, if you see me very seldom. Alas! (Madam says he) how disproportionate is it to the tenderness of your Sex, to make your self sport at the expence of anothers ruine. For that jesting (if you call it so) has undone me. And if your jest have such power, and charms in it, what mortal strength can resist, or human force oppose it self to your earnest. The wound which that fatal Edge-tool gave
me

me at that time, had certainly kill'd me before this, but that Fortune (I see) has kept me alive to make her self sport. Sir (says she smiling) I think she has chosen a proper person for the Province, for you do it to a miracle, and 'tis pitty, but we were in some such place, as we first met, that the happy Company might partake with us, and I not blush with laughing at you thus alone. And that's my grief, (Madam says he) but when I have told you, with a Souldiers freedom, that I love you, that I have done so ever since I first saw you, and that I cannot chuse but do so, as long as I live, laugh on in the name of Merriment, and know that my Passion is not the less serious for your turning it into Ridicule. These last words she thought were a little Cholerick, and Savoured of the Souldier, and therefore to let him see he had met with

with his match: Pray Sir (says she, blushing to think how she play'd the Hypocrite) if you have any kindness for me, let me never hear one word more of it. You cannot chuse but think, that at the Play, I had been told your Character, and who you were, and I hope you had wit enough to understand the *Irony*: But if you are not convinc'd of your folly with a jest, yet pray be so, when I have told you, you are to blame in good earnest, and so fare-ye-well. With that she mended her pace, and walk'd very fast towards the house, and he to keep himself in countenance (if any body should by chance have seen them) march'd along with her, crying all the way (like an importunate Beggar) Nay dear Madam, Sweet Madam, I beseech you Madam, But one word Madam: What's that Sir (says she?) That you would forgive
says

(-says he) what's past, and take no advantage of Poor *Lisanders* weakness. It is your future behaviour (says she) that must obtain your pardon, and your better Conduct in time to come, that must Apologize for your past weakness. Just as they came into the Hall, the Colonel (who was coming down to Dinner) met them, and so she left them two together, and ran to her Chamber to tell the Governante the success of the Encounter, and how she had much ado to contain her self, and forbear laughing in his face, to see him run along with her, like a Lacquay, Dear Madam, sweet Madam, and so on.

The Discourse at Table was divided between the Colonel, and *Lisander*. The young Lady (which would have seem'd a little strange to one that had heard her in the

D Gar-

Garden, and were not well acquainted with the Customs of the Country) only fill'd a mute place, and gave a negligent Audience. *Lisander* was that day a little more Airy than he had been since his Arrival, and the Colonel was well enough pleas'd to imagine, he was a little influenc'd by the Conversation of his Daughter. And resolv'd from that very moment, to give her more Liberty, than the Conduct of that wary Nation would allow, rather than *Lisander* should want any honourable occasion of cherishing the tender Sentiments he might begin to have for the Beautiful, *Clarinda*.

•
That evening our *Amoroso* took a walk all alone about the Town-walls, where his Encounter in the Garden with all its Circumstances (as far as his confusion gave him leave to remember) came fresh into

into his thoughts. *Clarinda* he knew had the better of it, and yet he found himself well enough satisfied for the Defeat, with the unexpected retrieve of the Lady, whose loss had almost made him desperate. He was not us'd to be non-suited in Addresses of that kind, which made him bear this with a great deal the more impatience. And (though he had Conduct enough to dissemble it in Publick) her *Spanish* vertue, and severity did but serve to Fan the fire, and make his Passion grow the more impetuous, and unruly.

It was never so troublesome to him, as when he was alone, and yet (which is none of the least Plagues of an unfortunate Lover) he always studied to avoid Company. This desire of Solitude, and some little indisposition which his Melancholy had procur'd, kept him two, or three days in his Chamber,

ber, where 'tis impossible any man should tell you how he pass'd his time, or what he endur'd, but he, that has row'd in the same Galley.

Sometimes he would lay the fault upon his own bad manage, sometimes upon the iron Manners of the Countrey, sometimes upon his own easie inclinations, sometimes upon the case-harden'd temper of the young Lady, and by and by lost, and confounded with the trouble, (like other miserable men) he would cry out, and complain of (I know not what) Starrs, and Influences, and Conjunctions, and Aspects, which (I dare say) knew no more of the matter, than the Man in the Moon. Sometimes he fanci'd he had let slip the Fatal moment, the Critical minute in *Flanders*, and that now it was irrecoverable, and yet when he call'd to mind her present rigour, and se-

veri-

verity, his reason told him, that
 that liberty was only sport, and
Burlesque. And when he was once
 about to flatter himself with her
 sudden indisposition after she had
 seen him the first time in the Gar-
 den, being told upon enquiry, she
 had had more of those fits, and
 remembring how coldly, and un-
 concernedly she had entertain'd
 him upon the Discovery, all those
 thoughts abandon'd, and left him
 full of suspense and irresolution.
 While he kept his Chamber, *Clara-*
xinda (for more reasons than he
 knew) sent the Governante to
 make him several Visits, though
 the only way to cure him had been
 to have come her self. Once as
 she had deliver'd her Ladies Com-
 pliment (which was brisk, and
 Gentile enough) he told her smi-
 ling, that he found so much ease,
 and benefit in every-one of these
 welcome Messages, that he did
 D 3 really

really believe, that if her Lady were pleas'd to make a Truce with the *Spanish* Ceremonies, and make him one Visit her self, her presence would work a Miracle, and set him on his feet again in spite of his Distemper. As soon as *Clarinda* had receiv'd this pleasant Address from her Patient; she (who had no mind he should be lost for want of so small a Favour) went presently to his Chamber, and with a look full of freedom, and Gallantry told him, that since he had desir'd it, she was come to be his Physician. Madam (says he,) if you have but brought the will of healing along with you, I shall never doubt the cure. Indeed Sir (says she,) but I shall: For I my self know, that I want one of those two main things, which make a Physician complete, That is *Skill*, and you suppose me to want the other, which is *Honesty*, and it may be
you

you want that necessary qualification of a hopeful Patient *Faith*, so that, methinks, we have a great deal of reason to distrust the success. By your pardon, Madam (says he,) I can see none at all. For if it be true (which they say,) that every observing man (though no profess'd Physician) knows readily what ails him, where his Grief lies, and what will do him good, then am I confident of your Ladiships Ability in my case, And then for my Faith, I am afraid I shall carry, but too much of it, to my very Grave. But now, if you should (like some of the Faculty, *Pardon the Comparison*) keep a body in hand, and retard the Cure; either for the advance of some secret Interest, or the tryal of some curious Experiment, I know not whether I should have more cause to complain of you, for the Cure, or the Wound. So Sir (says she) now

it's out. Still the old Song, Flames, and Fires, and Darts, and Arrows : If you have nothing else to say I must leave you, lest instead of my curing you, you should infect me, and so, Adieu. With that she step'd to the door, and without any parting Solemnity, left the Distressed *Lisander* studying a Rejoinder. This haughty Carriage of hers brought him a little to himself. For now he began to consider, that 'tis the Adorer makes the Lady a Deity, that a pityful crouching, and submission, only serves to make the Ambitious insolent, and where it does not meet with a true Generosity, (such as is almost inconsistent with the weakness of a woman) does but expose the devout to the greater Rigour, and Contempt. These, and some other thoughts of the same kind, put the Cane into his hand and led him, as it were in spite of Nature, and
his

his indisposition to take a turn in the Garden. Where he no sooner set his eyes on that Fatal turf, where he discover'd his dear *Clarinda*, but the very imagination of her Person, her Wit, and her Address, call'd him Traytor to his face, and made all this mighty Resolution vanish in an Amorous thought.

He found something within him that rebell'd against his reason, and easily soften'd, and overcame his most manly, and best advised determinations. His Soul was (on the sudden) once again all Love, and Extasie, and something he resolv'd to do in the prosecution of it, though he knew not what. And though the Enterprize every way shewed it self very difficult, yet the greatness of his Spirit, which could not be baffled with Trifles, and the violence of his Love which was deaf to all denials, prompted

him to go on and prosper, or at worst to fall and die bravely. He kept his Chamber no longer, though for several days *Clarinda* gave him no occasion to see her but at the Table, where he could say nothing to her, but what the Colonel might hear. Though indeed all this aversion was but deep Hypocrisie, for she was affected (what pity it was he had not known it) with every word he spoke, and every breath he drew, and what ever the subject was, he always discours'd so well, and so pertinently that every sentence was his Advocate, and made an impression in her very heart.

The first thing he resolv'd on was to dispossess that unfamiliar Spirit of strangeness, which she hugg'd so close, and made so much of, as well to assure her self of the Constancy, and Sincerity of his Love, as to convince him of the Candour,
and

and integrity of her own Honour. The fittest means, he could think of to this purpose, was an Intrigue with the Governante, whom he met almost every day in the Garden. For I must acquaint you by the way, that *Clarinda* had hir'd her with a new Gown, and Petticoat, only to appear now and then where he was, in hopes of receiving some dear Compliment, or other from him, though but at second hand. The Governante, that very well knew both their minds, chanc'd to be one day in the Garden, where *Lisander*, after a little sweetning Discourse for a Preface, and her Confidence bought, and paid for with five double Pistols, acquaints her with his Love to *Clarinda*, and his earnest desire of some proper juncture to wait upon her alone.

She seem'd to be in a little Disorder at the first hearing of that,

that, (which indeed was no News to her) but the Almighty Gold soon compos'd her Spirit, and made her promise him her utmost assistance in any honourable Design, though she were sure to incur the eternal displeasure of her Lady. *Of such sovereign use, and vertue is this Omnipotent Ore in the closing of all breaches, and healing all differences between the two Blind Deities of Love, and Fortune.* Hereupon *Clarinda* resolves, the next day after Dinner, to walk about half a League out of the City to a Countrey-house of her Fathers; and the Governante privately acquaints *Lisander* with it in the morning (who had been there two or three times with the Colonel. As soon as Dinner was done, he takes a birding Gun in his hand, and about half a mile from the Town (as if it had been by meer accident) he encounters *Clarinda*, and the Governante

vernante walking toward the Countrey-house. They were both veil'd as the *Spanish* Custom is; and though *Clarinda* pass'd by him without shewing her self, yet the Governante (whom that office better became) uncover'd her face, and Saluted him, which oblig'd *Clarinda* in Civility (since they were known) to do so too. He offer'd her his Attendance in the Walk, and that in such a powerful form of words, that a Lady (less inclinable than she) could scarce have refus'd him without the imputation of Discourteous, and in fine was accepted for their *Salva Guardia*. The Governante presently put her self (as Gold, and good Clothes, and good Manners oblig'd her) into the Van-Guard, and gave our Lovers all the occasion of Dialogue they could wish.

Lisander who had suffer'd enough
for

for one, and now was jealous of losing another Opportunity, began to tell the Lady that he believ'd Fortune both without his knowledge, and merit, had done him this Honour to make him satisfaction for all the Torments he had endur'd for her sake. If Fortune have made you satisfaction (says she) then have you nothing to pretend of me. And except you have a mind to make me bad Company, and your self troublesome, Pray let me hear no more of this whining, puling-Love, that makes a man look like one of those Hero's, that is just come from killing of a Giant, to lay himself down and die, for the frown of a Mistress. For this will never take among people that know the World, and what it is to live, I'll assure you. Why then Madam (says he) let me tell you once again in the Rhetorick of a Man of War, I am in Love.

And

And in haſt too (ſays ſhe) me-
 thinks, But pray take me along
 with you, and tell me, whereupon
 is this Love of yours (that you
 talk ſo much of) groundèd ? What
 do you ſee in this Face, that ſhould
 make you think me ſuch a Fool,
 as to believe you can have any real
 affection for one that has ſo little
 Merit, and is ſo much a Stranger
 to you ? Madam (ſays he) the
 ſubject of your Merit is a very large
 field, and the proſpect is very fair ;
 but becauſe it wants not my Praises,
 and becauſe every man elſe might
 as well pretend he Loves you for
 the ſame Cauſe, I will paſs it by
 only in a ſilent Admiration. But
 when you aſk me how I can Love
 a Stranger, there you do but beg
 the Queſtion, and command Rea-
 ſon from him, that for your ſake
 has entirely loſt it. A very fair
 Confession, Sir, upon my word,
 (ſays ſhe.) And can you think,
 that

that a Young Lady so Fair,
 as you say, and of such expectation
 as others say I am, should ever be
 persuaded to throw her self away
 upon one that plainly Confesses he
 has lost his Reason? And then to
 say you lost it for my sake is an Ar-
 gument in the same mood, and
 figure with his, that, because he
 had been Trappan'd for a wound he
 receiv'd in his Majesties Service,
 pretended to be made one of his
 Privy Council, or anothers, who
 having lost his Leg in a Sea-fight
 against the Turk, came to *Madrid*
 hopping, and hoping to be made
 one of the Kings Footmen. This
 will never do your business, Sir,
 and till you have more Reason, let
 me intreat you to trouble me with
 none at all. *Lisander* was almost
 Mad (and it would have made
 any body so) that a man, that
 wore a Sword, should be run down,
 at this rate, with a Distaff. And
 (staring

(stareing her full in the Face)
 Madam (says he with some little
 heat) you may as well Command
 me not to breath, or bid my Pulse
 stand still, as hinder me from
 Loving, where I see I must needs
 repent, though (alafs!) too late.
 A certain Demonstration I have
 yet Reason enough left me to see
 I am miserable. Thus dull, and
 insipid were the poor *Lisanders* ap-
 plications, and he was never in his
 life known to have so little Wit, as
 now, when he stood most in need
 of it. As it often happens to men
 of good sense, that, when they
 have a mind to speak best, and de-
 liver their minds in the most proper,
 and apposite words, have many
 times enough to do, to keep them-
 selves clear of Nonsense, and So-
 læcism. *Clarinda* knew well enough,
 it was the trouble of his mind that
 made his Wit run so muddy, for
 she had often heard him play the
 Orator,

Orator, and speak fluently on a dry Subject. At last his Passion quite stopt his Mouth, she had the field to her self, and now she talk'd without an Answer. It had certainly been a very pleasant Entertainment to see the Ingenious Lieutenant Colonel March on, like one of *Pythagoras's* Undergraduates, all Ears, and no Mouth, and the Lady all the while Philosophizing to him. Sir (says she) (for she never design'd he should despair) if you be not happy it is your own fault. A wise man has more influence upon his own Fortune and content, than all the Constellations of the Firmament, as well those that have beards as those that have none. For where he cannot form his Fortune to his mind, he forms his mind to his Fortune. Thus Happyness has oftentimes its foundation in the Opinion, or Desire, so that Desire without hopes becomes

comes a Disease, To desire, or take a fancy for what we cannot obtain, is to lay Snares for our selves, and to be Authors of our own misery. When she had finish'd this Harangue, says *Lisander*, like a man that's going to take leave of the World before his time; Let every body take warning by my Example, and may Heaven, and good Fortune defend all honest Gentlemen from those Ladies, that have been bred in Cloysters. With this, and such like Discourse, they pass'd the time, till they came to the Countrey-house, where they had a neat Collation, and a glass of Wine in Ice, and so home again. All the way homewards *Lisander's* Love was the Ladies Game. It was well for him that Jeers do not go through ones Clothes, otherwise he had (at that time) receiv'd more Wounds, than *Julius Cæsar* in the Senate. I will not under-

undertake to tell you how he found himself all this while, I refer you to those Gentlemen, that have smarted under the same lash. When they were within half a mile of the City, comes a Gentleman (as if he had been sent from Heaven for *Lisanders* Deliverance) in his Boots, and Riding-dress, and presents him a Paper. Which when he had open'd prov'd a Commission from the King for him to go to Sea. Now it is the Custom of *Spain*, for some three Months every Summer, to send five, or six Gallies, to scowre the Coasts, and secure the Kingdoms of *Naples*, and *Sicily*, and the Places thereabout, from the *Corfsairs*, or *Turkish* Pirates. It was for this Service that four Companies were Order'd to be drawn out of that Regiment, and the Lieutenant Colonel to Command them. *Lisander* (whose will never disputed with the Kings Ser-

Service) was well enough satisfied with the Honour, though it may be, another, that had Lov'd, as he did, would have receiv'd the Message with some surprise. He was glad to be deliver'd a while from *Clarinda's* Tyranny, and he hop'd that two, or three Months absence (which has a wonderful Ascendant over young Lovers) might favour both his Love, and Fortune. As soon as they heard *Lisander*, and the Gentleman discoursing the Affair, *Clarinda* turn'd her self round about upon the Governante, and look'd like Death. The Governante who was afraid she should have fallen down, immediately whisper'd in her Ear, that she was sure it was a Design, and a Trick only to discover her Inclinations. This Invention of the Governante's was very sudden, and seasonable; for had she scratch'd her head for it never so little, her Lady had

mis-

miscarried, and the Secret had taken Air. But, as soon as she heard this, she presently recover'd the trouble, without the least notice, the Discourse was so earnest between *Lisander*, and the Gentleman. As soon as they came into the House, the Governante hasten'd *Clarinda* to her Chamber, for fear she should have met the News again, before she came there. As soon as ever they were alone, and the door shut, Dear Madam (says the Governante) be not surpris'd, but the News is most true, that the Lieutenant Colonel is to go to Sea, but I perswaded you in the field, it was not so, for fear you should have discover'd your weakness, and he have gone away with the Triumph. The Roses of *Clarinda's* cheeks crept into their Beds, and all the time of the Governante's Relation, she stood still, and said nothing; but as soon as the Governante

nante had done, she fell a crying, and taking on, like a Woman that had Buried her only Son. Had not the Governante held her, she would have run directly to find her *Lisander*, so furious was her Love, notwithstanding all her Coy pretences, and dissimulation.

The Governante us'd all the Arguments, that the Affair in that conjuncture would admit, and all little enough too, to keep her from betraying the violence of her Love, by ways most monstrous and ridiculous. At last (when *Clarinda* could hear) and the Governante came to tell her, that it was but for two or three months, she was a little better compos'd, and begg'd the Governante to help her to Bed. That night the Governante went to *Lisander* (who was to go about his Commission very early next morning) in her Ladies name, to wish

with him a good Voyage, and a safe Return; and told him she was weary with the walk, and in Bed, or she would have waited upon him her self. This was all to dissemble *Clarinda's* disorder, and keep it secret between them two. All that night she never laid her eyes together. She rose more than twenty times, to look for that sorrowful day, which she fear'd might be the last she was ever to see her beloved *Lisander*. At length the day broke, and about Sun-rising the Colonel, and *Lisander* were both before the Gate under *Clarinda's* Window taking leave. They embrac'd one another, and parted (as they were wont upon such occasions) like good Soldiers full of joy, and warm hopes. **F**or *Lisander* was going on an Errand, which was like to bring him both Money and Honour, and for the Dangers he might meet with, he

he never thought of them before they came, nor talk'd of them when they were once pass'd. *Clarinda* was waiting in her Window, and though it did not become her to speak, yet she bow'd her self, and sent him away with such passionate Wishes, as no heart, but one as warm as hers, can ever conceive.

All the time of his absence she pleas'd her self with nothing, but thinking and speaking of *Lisander*. She, and the Governante would (I know not how many times a day) be calculating, how far he might be off, how long he had been absent, and when they might expect his Return. Sometimes they would be mustering up their pretty Remarks upon his Actions, as his Walking, his Speaking, his Saluting, his Laughing and his Frowning; and another while they would be talking of his Person, his Face,

E his

his Eyes, his Hair, his Waist, his Arms, his Hands, his Legs, his Feet, and what not. When they had spent something above two months in these little Entertainments, News came, that the Kings Gallies were in sight of *Barcelona*, and homewards bound. They had taken more Prizes, and Prisoners that Summer, than they had in seven Summers before, in which Honour *Lisander* had the greatest share, besides a Dividend of fifty thousand pieces of Eight. That part of the Regiment, which stay'd behind, was drawn down to the Shore, and receiv'd the Companies on board with three Vollies of Shot, who return'd the Complement with three more. And thence, as soon as they were landed, *Lisander* led them into the Town, which had them welcomer than ever they had done any Soldiers in their lives, because they brought

brought Money with them. There was, as much (and more) crowding to see *Lisander*, as if they had never seen him in their lives. And as he march'd through the Streets, in the head of the Regiment, there was as many Windows open, as it had been at a Coronation. The Colonel was at that time at *Madrid*, and was to stay there five or six weeks to receive Instructions and Money for Recruiting his Regiment, which had suffer'd great loss in the Wars of *Flanders*. So that *Lisander* chose rather to provide himself Quarters in another House, than to give the World the least occasion to censure, either his Prudence, or the young Ladies Conduct in her Fathers absence. *Clarinda* was more sensible of *Lisanders* Honour, and affected with his good Fortune, than he was himself; and therefore the Governante advis'd her to keep her Chamber,

ber, as well for fear of being abroad when he came to Visit, as for fear of discovering the Fire in her Heart, by the light of her Countenance. And yet it was resolv'd between them, either because they knew they had him fast, or to see how much a great Spirit could bear, she should shew him but just the same Curtezy, and receive him with the very same Civility that she would do a meer Stranger. *Alas, that any honest mans Quiet and Satisfaction should be determin'd by the false weights, and measures, by the Hypocrisie, and Dissimulation of a cruel, and ill-natur'd Woman !*

Every body that knock'd at the Gate alarm'd *Clarinda* with the same transport, and surprize, as if it had been *Lisander* himself, for, whoever knock'd, she still fancy'd it was he. The next day, about
two

two of the Clock, when he thought no body could either suspect, or observe his hast, he went to make his dear *Clarinda* a Visit. She had already resolv'd the manner of his Entertainment, which was this : She met, and receiv'd him in her Antichamber, suffer'd him to kiss her hand, and so led him into her Chamber. After she had discours'd him a while, she fate her down upon her *Estrado*, and left this Child of Fortune to Court her standing upon his feet, with his Hat under his Arm.

After he had signified his sense of the Colonels Absence, and then Comforted both her, and himself with the great necessity, and advantage of it, he began by gentle degrees, to make her new Tenders of his old Services. The Fame, and Success of his Voyage, and his fair reception inspir'd him with

E 3 mighty

mighty hopes, that now his hand was in, he should carry his Mistress too. The torrent of his words was brisker, and more luxuriant, than it us'd to be, and one would have thought, he had reserv'd the choice Meditations of two whole Months, and more, for this very occasion. I need not tell you what effect his *Rhetorick* had upon *Clarinda's* Spirit, but certainly it was such, as no Lady in the world, but her self, could have dissembled. The moment of *Lisanders* happiness, and her yielding was not yet come, and therefore with three, or four Sentences, and as many grave Regards she Answer'd him, That she was very sensible he was a person every way compleat, and handsome, and that his Character, and Employment had been always such, as might render any man considerable. That his late Naval Service had won him old Gold, and
new

new Lawrels, and for ever enroll'd his Name among the Favourites of Fame, and Fortune. That for these reasons, he would do well to think of some Amours, that might be more to his advantage, and if these considerations would not prevail with him to desist, she assur'd him, that besides the inequality of their Fortunes, she had already dispos'd of her Heart, and could not by any means think of altering her Resolutions. *Lisander* heard all this with the very same looks, that a Convicted Prisoner receives the Sentence of his Death. Little did he think where she had dispos'd her heart, nor would the Agony give him leave, so much as once to imagine, it might fall to his share. But as soon, as his cold fit was over, he told her suddenly, and with a heat little less than that of Anger, how ill she had requited all his past Services; and that if his Despair

did not prove Mortal, he would hereafter study to take such measures, as might give neither of them so much trouble, or disquiet. Sir (says she) I do extremely applaud your Resolution, and I know no other Expedient that can restore the great Opinion, I have always had, of your Conduct, and discretion. Thus did *Lisander* take his leave, resolving to maintain no other Familiarity with her, for the future, than what might just vindicate him from the imputation of ill breeding.

That same night, that he might seem to take his leave Gentilely, he brought two, or three of his Officers, who were excellent Musicians, and his Confidants, before *Clarinda's* Lodgings, to give her this parting Serenade under the name of *Chloris*.

Chloris

C Hloris your Rigour was to blame,
 Your Ice hath chill'd, and quench'd my
 Your Anger hath my heat allay'd, (flame;
 Your Scorn hath cur'd the wound your Beauty
 I'll Sigh, and Vow no more in vain, (made,
 You've freed a Captive by too strait a Chain.

I can your Pride no longer bear,
 No longer hope, no longer fear,
 The Arrow's fallen from my side,
 Despair has done, what Love, and You deni'd,
 My Passion's Murder'd in your hate,
 And tho' you'd Love me now, yet 'tis too late.

This was the pleasantest Scene
 in the world to *Clarinda*, and the
 Governante, who were well ac-
 quainted with *Lisanders* Passion,
 and knew it was not in his power
 to stay away above two, or three
 days at most. They were ready
 to fall down with laughing to see
 him Cock his Hat, and act the
 Cruel, that, for all this appearance,
 would at the same time have fallen
 down on both his knees for a Par-
 E 5 don,

don, and have broke all the Instruments to boot, with all his heart, for consenting to the Song.

However, to make her believe he was in good earnest, and to try whether he could make *Clarinda* jealous, the very next night he went, and made Love in another place. It was a *Spanish* Address to a young Lady of Quality, perform'd upon the Street (as the manner is) just before her Lodgings. He measur'd the ground, more than a hundred times backward, and forward, with many a false, languishing look toward the poor abused Lady in the Window. He had two of the hardest parts to Act, at that time, that ever any man in the world undertook, to pretend a false Passion, and dissemble a true one. The poor Lady was so pleas'd with *Lisanders* Service (for all the Town knew him) that had not Modesty,
and

and the Custom of the Nation restrain'd her, she could never have stood to make more than two words to the bargain, here's the one, here's the other, and ee'n have let him in to rights.

She began in the space of two, or three nights application, to value her self, not so much upon her own, as upon the merit of *Lisander*, and made no more difficulty of entertaining his Love, than one, that had fasted three days, would to go to dinner.

In the mean while *Clarinda* who had still the news of all that pass'd, was resolv'd to sail with the same wind, to entertain another servant, and see whether he, or she could brook a Rival with less impatience. Having resolv'd on the Design she communicated it to the Governante, who was the best Manager

Manager of such an Intrigue, that could be, and so they presently pitched upon the Gentleman. There was a Gentleman; you must know, that in *Lisanders* absence, had made two, or three attempts to no purpose, to insinuate himself into *Clarinda's* service, and growing cholerick with the disappointment (which is the most unpardonable weakness a man can be guilty of) was bold to name the Lady, without that respect, and tenderness which were the unquestionable dues of her Vertue, and Discretion. The words in the proper and usual sence signifi'd well enough; but, because they were ambiguous, and capable of a bad Construction (which it may be he design'd) he was thought the fittest man in the World to be *Lisander's* Rival. For they could not but suspect, that when *Lisander* came to understand his pre-
tensions

tensions, he would certainly grow impatient, and his Passion might at once revenge his own, and *Clarinda's* wrongs, in giving his Rival the *Bastinado*. The Design being thus laid, the next morning they met the Cavalier at Mass where (never dreaming that she knew how he had injur'd her) he was almost ravish'd, to See *Clarinda* cast now, and then an amorous Glance upon him, as it were by stealth, and as if she were afraid to be seen. He began to consider whether he had alter'd his Garb, or she her mind, but wherever the Secret lay, he was sure she had conceiv'd some advantageous sentiments of his Person, and therefore his Wisdom thought it fit to push his good fortune, and strike while the Iron was hot. As they were coming out of the Church, she look'd back upon him again, which sufficiently confirm'd his
 opinion

opinion, and made him resolve to go Serenade her that very night. The good Gentleman spent the whole day in providing himself of four of the best Musicians, that were to be had in the City, to grace the solemnity. And, at night, full of expectation, he made a fine *Parade* with his Fiddlers before her window, where he began to Sing her such a parcel of doggerel Couplet, of his own making, as might very well have given him a right to a good drubbing, though he had never done any thing else amiss in all his life. *Lisander*, who had his Spyes abroad, presently got notice of it, as he was practising Love in the next street, Sacrificing whole *Hecatombs* of flying Kisses, and paying a thousand silent speaking Reverences to his new Saint. You must pardon him, if he took his leave a little abruptly; for the
counterfeit

counterfeit Passion, he had for his new Mistress, easily gave place to the true one he had for his Rival. Lest the Serenaders should have lost their labour, away he goes in all haste, attended only by two of his own Souldiers, that brought him the intelligence, who were trusty fellows, and excellent company in a doubtful occasion. As soon as ever they came up with the Musick, without any other greeting, at a matter of half a dozen blows, they broke two fiddles, and as many heads, whereof his Rival's chanc'd to be one. This Adventure was one of the stillest (of a rough one) that ever I heard of. The Enemy took the retreat without so much as saying, what's the meaning of this? So that there was not one word of complaint, or controversie, nor the least noise in the World, besides that of the staves. For *Lisander*

der came not to fight and quarrel, but to correct, and chastise, and the poor Fiddlers were so frightened with the surprise, that they quite forgot they had any swords on. *Clarinda*, who was a party in the action and saw all the circumstances of it, from her window, better than they that perform'd it, was better pleas'd than ever she was with any thing in all her life. And as soon as she could for laughing, she vow'd to the Governante, that the Gentlemans Dishonour should for ever excuse her from shewing him the least favour. But she might have spar'd that breath, for *Don* was a *Spaniard*, and was so much asham'd to have suffer'd such an affront, and so tamely before his Mistress, that he durst sooner thought of dying, than of ever coming in to her sight again.

Lisander

Lisander having by this action confessed the power of his Love, and his impotence to dissemble it, presented himself the next day to *Clarinda*, made a profound submission, and beg'd her pardon. She found her own strength, and his weakness, and intending to make her own use of both, she told him, that his relation to the *Colonell*, and his own merit, should at any seasonable hours open him the doors of that House, and make him welcome as a Friend; But if he still persisted to pretend any farther, she must be forc'd to make use of those Expedients, which she was not willing to think of. *Lisander* had enough to say, but durst not answer one word at that time, for fear of moving her displeasure, which was more terrible to him, than a Cannon in a breach, charg'd with small shot. However he still frequent-
ed

ed the House, and was as familiar there as if he had been at home. And though it was directly forbidden him, yet when he found *Clarinda* in a good humor, he could not chuse but give the old string now and then a gentle touch, and let her see by Some passing Trope that his Love was above her rigour. When he spoke so plain that she was oblig'd to take notice of it, he was sure to lose her Company for that time, which made him day, and night beat his brains, and weary himself to find out some desperate Remedy, that might either kill, or cure; Some Expedient to set *Clarinda* on the rack, and force her with one breath to determine the success of his weary Love. For a downright Despair, he knew could make him dy but once, whereas, that doubtful hope, that temper'd Cruelty, those corrected Poysons, made

made him ready to give up the Ghost once, or twice a day. And what gave him very wonderful apprehensions, his utmost diligence could never yet learn, who (as she told him) she had dispos'd of her Heart ; for he never heard, that she entertain'd any Gentleman, but himself. In the midst of this perplexity, Love, and Fortune, who had long pittied his sufferings laid their heads together, and undertook his Deliverance, which was thus.

Lisander having a mind to see the Regiment together, and exercise them, Commanded them to be in Arms by the Sea-shore next morning at the opening of the Gates. It happen'd the same Evening, that four tall Ships were come to anchor near the shore to take in fresh water, and as soon as ever it was light in the morning,

loos'd

loos'd their foretop-fails, and were weighing anchor, intending within two hours to be under Sail again. *Lisander* who was upon the shore with the Regiment, gave his Captain Commandant instructions what to do, till he came back, and went privately into the City to try his last practice upon *Clarinda*. He came up to her Chamber door, and knock'd in more hast than he us'd to do, and the Governante opened him the door; for her Lady was just up. As soon as he enter'd the room, the Governante withdrew, imagining he might have some extraordinary business, because it was so early, and he seem'd to be in such hast. Now Madam (says he) to *Clarinda*, I am come to take my leave of you, and (as I have often done in jest) bid you Farewel for ever, in good earnest. And with that he led her to the window,

dow, shew'd her the Regiment on the Shore , the Ships with their fore-topfails loose, and their anchors on peak. And then told her, that, last night late, he had received News , that there were great appearances of another War with *France*, and an Order to embark, in those Ships with the Regiment for *Flanders* again , where the Colonell was to meet them.

That he had not a moment to stay , but beg'd her a thousand pardons for all the indiscretions, which his passionate Love might ever have been guilty of, and wish'd her all the satisfaction she could ever hope, or promise herself in her own unmovable Inclinations. *Clarinda* during this Narration, turn'd her eyes, I know not how many times, from *Lisander* to the Ships , and from the
Ships

Ships to *Lisander*. And seeing the trouble, and confusion he was in, (which indeed was for fear his Project should have miscarry'd) She threw her arms about his neck, and fell on weeping most pittifully. Had it been to save both their lives, She could not have spoken one word; but with the same hold, She kiss'd him a thousand times, and wet all his face with her tears. *Lisander* seeing the fury of her Passion, began to mistrust the Effects of it, and was ready to repent the Experiment. And though he knew there was no reason for it, yet he could almost have found in his heart to have wept for company. Dear Madam (says he) speak, and let me go. Never, Never, my dear *Lisander* (says she,) and so she fell on weeping again with that violence that she could not get out another word. As soon as she was

was come a little to her self, False, and perfidious man (says she) could thy Cruelty find no other way to put an end to this miserable life of mine ? Is this the fruit of all your Vows, and Oaths ? Is this indeed the end of all your pretended Love, and Constancy ? Dear *Lisander* let me in pitty die by your hand to prevent that more cruell, and unfortunate death, which I shall meet in your absence. Madam (says he, with no little amazement,) If all this be Love, it is either very young, or you have been extremely in the wrong to dissemble it all this while. For now, Dear Madam I must tell you, the time is pass'd, and 'tis too late to recall it. Bear your fate, as well as you may, though I am sure in a very little time to sink under mine. And whereas a seasonable freedom might have made us both happy,

this

this ill-tim'd Love of yours, worse than Disdain, shews it self too late, like a flash of Gunpowder after the Execution is done. May my grief, and hard fate (says she) light on them, that first impos'd this uneasie modesty, this self-murdering reservation upon the frailty of our Sexe. I have lov'd you, my Dear *Lisander*, as my own Soul, ever since the first time I saw you ; it is to you I have dispos'd my Heart, and methinks a man of your reason, might have read as much in my very Eyes. *Dear Lisander*, either stay here, or take me with you, or do something — and then her sorrow interrupted her again, that she could go no farther. Madam (says he) I had been the happiest of all mortal men, had I but known your Inclinations a little sooner ; but it's now too late. I can neither take you along with me, nor yet disobey
the

the Kings Order, and stay here. All I can say, is this, If I have but one half hours leasure, before we set Sail, I will wait upon you again to receive your last Commands. With that they kiss'd, and Embrac'd one another once again, and so they parted. As soon as *Lisander* was gone the Governante came in, and found the sorrowful Lady groveling upon the bed, with her face towards the pillow, striving in vain to stifle that Grief, which was now grown stubborn, and unruly. She was a good while before she could tell her the sad tidings, which when she had ended, she fell on raving, and cursing the advice, and conduct of all such Governantes. Poor *Leonora* knew not what to say or do. She would have told her, as she did the last time in the field, that it was all meer design, and fiction, but she

F foresaw

foresaw, that Wheadle was not like to pass twice. And finding her Lady utterly incapable both of comfort, and counsel, she told her, she would step down to the shore, and inform her self better. That it may be, things were not altogether so desperate, as she fancy'd them; and if there were any thing left to hope, they would leave nothing unattempted, that might contribute to her satisfaction. *Drowning men catch at any thing.* And seeing the Governante had yet some little heart, *Clarinda* rais'd her face a little from the Pillow, and bade her go. The Governante made fewer strides to the shore, than ever she did in her life (though it were to an Affignation.) And finding a huge croud of people there (who were come to see the Regiment Exercise) and seeing Marriners so busie at work she never so much as doubted the

the

the truth of *Lisander's* Relation. As soon as ever an occasion presented it self, she saluted one of those Officers, which I was telling you were *Lisanders* Confidants, and wished him a fair Wind and a good voyage. What do ye mean Madam (says he?) I mean to *Flanders* Sir (says she.) Not this year I hope (says he) Madam, we were there but too lately. Pray Sir (says she) whither are you bound then? No whither Madam (says he) that I know, but to Exercise. And just then the Lieutenant Colonel call'd him to his command. This Officer presently imagin'd there was something in the bottom of the Governantes discourse, but he thought it inconsistent with his discretion to sound her, or enquire any further. The Governante run home again like lightning, and by the way two or three of her acquaint-

rance asked her, if she had been
 to see the Regiment Exercise,
 which confirm'd her, that the
 Story of returning to *Flanders*
 was but one of *Lisanders* Practices
 upon the Lady. The good News
 drove her home again in as much
 haste, as the fright had driven her
 abroad, and had it not been for
 drawing the boys after her, I be-
 lieve she had gone faster. As soon
 as ever she came into the Chamber,
 Courage Madam (says she) Cou-
 rage, And when she had breath
 enough, She told her, We are
 abus'd, Madam. There is no such
 thing. The Regiment is not go-
 ing on board: It is only exercising
 upon the shore. And if you please
 to come to the window here, you
 may see them, (For till then she
 durst scarce have look'd out,
 though a look would have
 stay'd the Regiment.) It was then,
 that *Clarinda* first began to reflect
 upon

upon *Lisanders* Policy , and her own weakness. And going to the window , she saw the Ships sail , and the Regiment continue their Exercise upon the shore. The tacite shame, and sense of her dishonour was almost as troublesome, as if the Regiment had sail'd indeed. Sometimes she fancy'd it a Judgment upon her from the God of Love, (if there be any such Deity) for her hypocrisie in his service and her bad usage of *Lisander*. Sometimes she thought *Lisander* had but pay'd her her own, and that his Revenge was but just. And sometimes she was in pain to think, how she should receive him the next time he came. When the Exercise was done, and *Lisander* had led the Regiment to the Market-Place, and discharg'd them, they saw him give his Pike to his servant, and come directly towards her Lodgings. She bade the Go-

vernante step to the door, and tell him, her Lady was not well. The Governante did so; to whom he made no other reply, but, that he was sorry for it, and sent her his service, and so march'd off. This Excuse (as he look'd upon it) of her indisposition, maddened him to the very heart, and made him resolve, now he knew her secret, that he would never see her again, till he was sent for. Three days, and three nights did these Lovers keep their points, each of them expecting the other should address first. In the end *Lisander* had the better of it, and let her see what it was for a Woman to slight a Person whom she lov'd. She could endure no longer than the fourth day, and then she sent the Governante early in the morning, to meet him at Mass, and invite him to her Lodgings. The Governante did so, and he promis'd he would

would come, though he told her it could not be till afternoon, for he was engag'd to dine with a Friend.

This was a little strange to *Clarinda*, for she had known the time when he would not have deferr'd the favour, to have din'd with an Emperor. About four of the Clock he came, and the Governante (as she was Commanded) went forth of the Chamber, as she let him in. *Clarinda* was sitting upon her *Estrado* at her Needle, where *Lisander* with a Smile march'd up to her, and Saluted her, which she return'd with a grave, and Modest regard. She had not yet determin'd what to do, or how to behave herself, but look'd very Pensive and Melancholy, and whatever he said, she Answer'd him all along with a Monosyllable, and Sennor. At length Madam (says he) if I
F 4 thought

thought my Prefence made your Ladyship uneasie, I would take my leave. With that she stuck her needle in her Work, and looking him full in the face. Sir (says she) Wherein have I deserv'd to be us'd so like one of your *Gallina's*? Or what have I done, that you could think of exposing my weakness thus? What is become of all that pretended Passion, and counterfeit Tenderness of yours? Or where is that respect, and Civility, which in Justice all Gentlemen of your Character owe the Ladies? But I Confess it is too good for me. My easiness at the first Interview, made you think me fit to receive impressions, and all my severity, since that minute, could never set me right again in your Opinion. In vain, Alas! were the holy Sisters so many years in building, and adorning a Structure, which this false Ingrate has in a moment ruin'd,

ruin'd, and laid in the dust. In vain have they inculcated the obligations of our Sex, and read me so many Lectures of Decency, and Modesty, which were all but like words written on a Wave, or like the Faith, and Promises of this Wretch, whose Deceit, and Treachery has taken, and demolish'd all the Out-works of my Honour, and left me nothing (Alas!) which I can call my own, but the Maiden-Castle. And then she fell a weeping, which gave *Lisander* time to Answer. Madam (says he) when you have heard me speak, if you think it fit, it will be time enough to Condemn me. What Error have I Committed, in making you Confess a truth, the concealment whereof (for ought I know) might have prov'd Fatal to us both, and have cost us much dearer, than the Discovery? And as long as I am just, and honourable (that is as long as

I live) how can I think of exposing your weakness? The Secret is among our selves, and, without you shall think meet to Discover it, is like to remain so. And now you see how forc'd, and unnatural the *Sisters* Breeding is: How insupportable those Customs are, that oblige us to dissemble our strongest desires, to slight what we Love, and run away from our own Happyness.

And whereas, Madam, you seem to find your self afflicted, for the indecency (as you are pleas'd to call it) of this last Accident, and may suspect it may have some untoward Influence upon my Love, I will tell you, Madam, that whereas my Passion was always true, and sincere, yet before, it wanted this to make it complete, to know I was belov'd. And now, Madam (that you have seen the vanity of it) if you please to set aside all starch'd Behaviour, and *Spanish*
For-

Formality, Let us be friends, and never fall out again ; for I Love you better than ever I did, and will do so whilst I breath.

At these words she threw down her seam, and rising up hastily, she threw her Arms about his Neck, and Kifs'd him with as much tenderness, as she had done when he pretended to return for *Flanders*. My dear *Lisander* (says she) we have escap'd the Storm, and are now in safe Harbour, where we may securely pity, or laugh at the Distress of those, that must yet make sport for *Neptune*, and the Winds. We have nothing left us now to do, but to Enjoy one another, and be Happy. And so she took the willing *Lisander* by the hand, and made him sit down by her upon her *Estrado*. I shall (for good Considerations) take no notice what farther Endearments might pass between this happy Pair. Nor would I have
any

any longing Lover so much as desire to know. They were both persons, that understood themselves well, and therefore it would be rude to doubt, or enquire into their Conduct. *Lisander* continued his Visits, just as he us'd to do, and yet when there happen'd to be any Strangers by, he kept as great a distance, and us'd as much caution, and diligence in his Behaviour, as he did in the first of their Acquaintance. But when they were alone. their Conversation was free, and Gallant, and had no reservation in it, but such as serv'd to heighten their Pleasures.

Sometimes they entertain'd one another with the curious Story of their Amours. Sometimes he frighted her into his Arms, with the terrible Relation of some desperate Adventure in the War. And sometimes she drew him into hers,
with

with some soft, and melting Air
upon the Lute, which she touch'd
to Admiration, and Charm'd him
with some Passionate Song.

I cannot omit to give you one of
them, wherein she does most ex-
cellently Paint her own Passion,
and (as far as the Cause would
bear it) Apologize for her own
Infirmity. It was perform'd one
calm Evening in a close Walk in
the Garden, when she had call'd for
her Lute, and dismiss'd the Ser-
vants. The words were these :

How oft have I vow'd, that no Mortal
should move
The pitiless Heart of Clarinda to Love?
Yet in spite of my peevish Aversion, I see
That in vain we resist, what the Gods do
decree.

How

*How many Brisk Gallants, both in ear-
nest, and jest,*

*In vain have pretended a room in this
Brest,*

*Which a Souldier of Fortune, assisted by
none*

*But his Valour, and Fate, has eternally
wonne.*

*No Laurels, O Cupid, to your Con-
quering Bow,*

*'Tis Mars, and not you, that has giv'n
me the blow,*

*Nor am I the first, that has open'd her
Arms,*

*Great Venus thou know'st, to a War-
riours Charms.*

*I acknowledge, Lisander, 'tis too late for
the Town*

*To treat of Conditions, now the Walls are
your own,*

*Yet the ruins of my vanquished Virtue still
cry,*

*Use your Conquest with Honour, or know
I can dye.*

But

But the Heaven was too clear,
 and the Weather too calm to
 continue long so, And when their
 Blifs had once arriv'd at its *Meri-*
dian, you cannot but expect it
 should decline again. Within the
 space of one Month the Hony be-
 gan to lose its Taste, and both their
 Passions began to lose something of
 their Warmth, and Vigour. There
 was neither of them so fond of the
 others Company, as they us'd to
 be, though they were both willing
 to Conceal it. I know not whether
 they had surfeited of their own
 Happyness, or whether some secret
 Guilt, or remorse made their Love
 irksome, and imbitter'd the fruiti-
 on; but certain it is, that the Fa-
 miliarity they had Contracted by
 these tedious, and difficult Methods,
 did (like a Rivulet exhausted by
 the Summer Sun) insensibly begin
 to fail, and resolve its self into its
 first Elements of Strangeness; so
 that

that neither of them car'd, how seldom they met, but for fear of disobliging the other. It chanc'd in the mean time that an *English* Seaman brought *Lisander* a Letter, of some eight Months date, from his Dear, and Virtuous *Sabina*, to whom he had plighted his first Vows, and whom in all his Gallantries he had never forgot. The Contents were these:

Sabina to Lisander.

My Dear *Lisander*,

I F this Paper should chance to come to your hand, believe it when it tells you, your *Sabina* is weary of the world, and would hate the very Light, but that she flatters her self, it will once again shew her her Beloved *Lisander*: If it never reach you, it does but follow the Fate of a hundred of its Brethren, who (I know

know by your delays) have lost themselves (as well as I) in the enquiry, and furnish'd matter of-laughter, to those they were never intended for. Too too fatal Emblems (alas !) of my Misfortune, and full of Love, and Impatience, as any thing in the world but the poor Heart of

Your Distressed Sabina.

In the same Moment that he read this Letter, he resolv'd upon his return, and began to think of an excuse for his long Absence. And calling for Pen, and Ink, he deliver'd the Seaman (who was homeward bound) this Answer :

Lisander

Lifander to Sabina.

My own Dear Sabina.

AS soon as I had open'd yours, I found my own thoughts so well Express'd, that I had like to have Transcrib'd it, and (having chang'd only the name) sent it back again in Answer. I will only add, that Love, and Impatience have made me resolve, to tell you very speedily in Person, that it is not in the power of Seas and Mountains any longer to separate, and keep alive two Bodies, that have but one Soul. Courage (my dear Sabina) and the joy which sparkles in your Eyes, shall like some propitious Star, serve to light me back again through the Ocean,

*Ocean, and forever after influence all
the Happyness of.*

Your own Lifander.

Immediately in order to his Departure, he dispatch'd another Letter to the Colonel, to satisfie him of his Resolution, and desire him to procure him his Majesties Discharge, and for some Considerations of his own enjoyn'd him all the Secrefie, the Affair was capable of. The Colonel (having lost all hopes of having *Lifander* his Son-in-Law) wrote *Clarinda* word, that he had provided her a Husband at *Madrid*, and Commanded her to prepare for her Journey thither, within fourteen days.

F These two Letters of the Colonel, and *Sabina* were receiv'd by
our

our Lovers with equal joy, and conceal'd from one another with equal industry ; and both of them make private preparations for their several Journeys. *Clarinda* presently wrote to her Father, that he would take no notice to any body of the Match, because the event was yet uncertain, and so he never so much as mention'd it in his Letter to *Lisander*. About fourteen days afterwards, in the same Pacquet (Directed to *Lisander*) came the Kings Discharge, and the Ladies Commands to set forth for *Madrid*. They both began their Journey on the same day, and both under false Colours, and Pretences. And though they had been both very well content with the whole truth, yet neither of them durst begin to declare. They were each of them very sparing in asking Questions about the others Journey, for fear of being oblig'd
to

to Answer some about their own.

At parting they took a very Formal, and Compos'd leave without the least Transport or Passion, at which they both extremely wonder'd. After parting the only thing they were each of them very solicitous about, was the great trouble, and perplexity which would seize upon the other, when the Mystery came to be reveal'd. *Lisander* doubted how poor *Clarinda* would receive the News of his Departure for *England*, and her greatest affliction was, to think how he would endure to hear of her Marriage.

When *Lisander* came to *Paris*, he was inform'd by Letters in the Post-office from the Colonel (for all things were now concluded, and made

made Publick) that his Daughter was happily Marri'd, which made *Lisander* finish his Journey to *London* with great satisfaction. And the Colonel had told *Clarinda* upon her Arrival, that *Lisander* had got his Discharge and was gone for *England*, which remov'd the Secret grief, and trouble which would otherwise have been part of the furniture of her Marriage-bed. He was not many days before he Landed at *Dover*, with about threescore thousand pieces of Eight in Bills of Exchange, and *Spanish* Gold, a Gentleman, Four men in Livery, and Seven Chosen *Spanish* Horses. He was receiv'd at *Dover*, by several both of his own, and *Sabina's* Friends who had notice of his Resolution by the Post, and were well agreed on all sides about the Marriage, which now wanted nothing, but the Consummation.

When

When he came to *London*, he
was Conducted to *Sabina's* Lodging,
and very splendidly Entertain'd,
where the overjoy'd Lady threw
her self into his Arms, and in the
Extasie could not speak one word
beside, *Welcome, my Dear Lisander.*

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